

LOVE AND REVENGE

VINTNER OBLITTED

M. Wilson in the Character of Brainworm.



*Your Barber M. Snack's Journeyman.
at your Service.*

Act II. Sc. 2.

Published by Harrison, and C^t August 1. 1781.

LONDON
Printed for HARRISON and C^t No. 18. Pall-mall-Row; and sold likewise by
J. WELSHAM, Fleet-Street; and all other Booksellers.
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OR, THE

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VINTNER OUTWITTED.

A N

O P E R A.

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L

I N

Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden.

Written by Mr. CHRISTOPHER BULLOCK.



L O N D O N;

Printed for HARRISON and Co. No 18, Paternoster-Row; and Sold, likewise by
J. WENMAN, Fleet-Street; and all other Bookfellers:

M DCC LXXXI,

PROLOGUE.

As routed squadrons quit the hostile field,
O'erpower'd by numbers, yet too brave to yield,
Their troops they rally, and their loss supply,
Once more reso'ld the fate of war to try;
So from successful toils our heads we raise,
Studious to please, and proud to aim at praise:
Your smiles alone can animate the stage,
Inspire with comic mirth or tragick rage. [pause,
New life we breathe, when crown'd with your ap-
And glory to pursue so just a cause:
Honour commands, and we obey the call;
And if we fall, 'tis no disgrace to fall.
In great attempts alone true merit lies;
He well deserves in fight who bravely dies.
No envious motives shall our labours stain;
By no mean arts we wou'd our glory gain;
Unenvy'd we behold each rival stage,
And with them happy in a grateful age:
Where'er the muse and her attendants dwell,
Still may they flourish as they merit well.
From scenes of old our present tale we draw,
And make with joy your taste alone our law;
We dare not on the comic scene rely
Till to the strictly song for did we fly;
Henceforth we may, if thus we gain your praise,
Improve your pleasures, and our merits raise.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

HEARTREE, Father to Charlotte, and Uncle to Louisa.
ROWEWELL, in love with Bellamira.
TRUEMAN, in love with Charlotte.
MULLIGRUB, a Vintner.
BRUSH, Rowewell's Man.
SIMON, a Barber's Boy.
BRAINWORM, a Cheat.
SHAMELESS, a Felon.
Second Felon.
Third Felon.
A Fiddler, a Drawer, Constable, Watchmen, &c.

W O M E N.

BELLAMIRA, a Courtesan.
CHARLOTTE, in love with Trueman.
LOUISA, in love with Rowewell.
MOTHER PEARCE, a Bawd.
Mrs. MULLIGRUB, the Vintner's Wife.

SCENE, LONDON.



MA 55

Miss Cutley in the Character of Kitty.

ROYAL

Robert Gordon

MRS MILLER



There's your Coffee, Captain!

Published by Harrison & Co. October 1, 1781.

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and all other Books, etc.

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LOVE AND REVENGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rovewell and Bruh.

Bruh. **N**AY, good Sir, consider what you are doing; can a man of sense find any excuse for falling downright in love with a common woman? Alas! he regard a me not—pray, Sir, hear me—

SONG I. *Peggy grieves me.*

Rove. Give me, Heaven, the power to range,
And rifle every flower,
Through all the sweet delights of change,
And lose no joyful hour.
The nymph who, lavish of her charms,
To more than one gives fire,
Has raptures left to bless these arms,
And gratify desire.

Why are prostitutes such odious things? Bellamira's beautiful as the most chaste. Can custom spoil what nature made so good? If so, the birds and beasts are happier far than man, in whom an inborn heat is held no sin.

Bruh. Good lack! good lack! what a strange thing it is to see a man in a dream with his eyes wide open! I beg, Sir, you will hear me a little, and not let your passion run away with your reason: 'tis want of philosophy, makes men fall in love at all; but nothing less than want of common sense could suffer a man to grow passionately fond of a whore, as you, Sir, know Bellamira is; you know she has been kept by your intimate friend Trueman, and now left and despised by him.

Rove. Impudent rascal! cease your impertinence.

Bruh. You may call my love what you please, Sir, but I must, and will be your friend; I cannot be dumb, and see you run headlong into your ruin, as most certainly you do, while you indulge this dangerous passion for such a vile woman.

Rove. Very good! have you done, I pray?

Bruh. Read your histories, Sir; study your philosophers; examine your poets; and you'll see how full their writings are, of the wicked examples of lewd women. Oh, Sir, they are the most giddy, uncertain motions under the heavens, and he is happiest who has least to do with them.

SONG II. *Trumpet Minuet.*

Would you pass all your moments in health and in joy,

Let a friend and a bottle those moments employ;
The nights which you give to your friend and the glass,

Are free from the stings that attend the false lass.

Rove. I would fain know, how thou cam'st by all this wisdom and experience.

Bruh. I have just enough to make me beware of that subtle sex. Women, Sir, do things beyond any man's understanding; they give you cause to

love them to-day, and reason to hate them to-morrow; they please you this minute, and torment you the next; and in short, Sir, if you'll excuse a proverb, brought out of the kitchen, They'll give you roast meat, and beat you with the spit.

Rove. I know not by what strange fate I am hurried on, but I must enjoy her, be the consequence what it will.

SONG III. *Young Foston's Minuet.*

Thro' every purple vein,
Her charms like magic run,
I glory in my pain,
And yield to be undone.
A thousand glowing loves
Lie wanton in her eyes,
While from each part,
With thrilling smart,
A pointed arrow flies.

[*Exit.*

Bruh. Undone indeed, poor gentleman! good counsel is but thrown away upon him. O Cupid! Cupid! how unsearchable are thy mysteries!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Trueman and Mulligrub.

True. How now, Mulligrub, thou seem'st in great disorder.

Mull. And have reason to be so, Sir.

True. Why, what's the matter?

Mull. I have been in quest of that rogue of all rogues, Brainworm, but to no purpose:—O, Sir! he has play'd me such a prank lately!

True. Pr'ythee, what was it?

Mull. Why, Sir, he brings a fine lady with him to my house, one night, whom he told me he had just married, and that she was a great fortune; upon which, you may think, I grew extremely civil: a supper was bespoke, which was served up in a trice; then he draws out a bill of twenty pounds, and desired me to let him have the money for it, the goldsmith living too far to send to at that time of night; I very readily, like an ass as I was, complied with his request, took the bill, and withdrew.

True. Very good; pray go on.

Mull. Then comes up a blind harper, and cries, Do you lack any music? he cries, Play; the drawer is nodded out, who obeys to be sure, believing he would be private with the gentlewoman; and 'tis for Flash's interest, you know, Sir, to wink at such things.

SONG IV. *Young Damon once the happy Swain.*

The god of wealth is painted blind,
A satire on the human mind,
None from the censure's free:
When he commands, we all obey,
And to the night convert the day,
And neither hear nor see.

LOVE AND REVENGE.

True. Well, this was but right and civil; but what happened afterwards?

Mull. Having eat his supper, and perceiving no one in the room but the blind harper, whose eyes Heaven had shut from beholding iniquity, he packs up my plate, and with that and his whore, decently conveys himself out of the window: the poor harper plays on, withes the empty dishes good stomachs, and plays on still; the drawer returns, cries, Do you call, Sir? but out, and alas! the birds were flown, Sir, flown; laments were raised—

True. Which did not pierce the heavens.

Mull. Flash bawls, my wife screams, I heard the noise and thunder'd, the boys flew like lightning, and all was in an uproar; my plate being gone, and the thief after it, I bethought myself of my bill, and ran with all speed to the goldsmith's, to receive the money: but now comes the worst part of the story; the bill prov'd forg'd, I was seized, Brainworm ran away; my word would not be taken, I was found guilty of forgery, lost my reputation, and was put in the pillory for being cheated; which you'll own was hard, Sir.

True. And is it impossible to find this rogue Brainworm again.

Mull. He walks invisible, Sir: you may as soon find truth in a gamester; sincerity in a lawyer; or humility in a priest. He changes his dress and his lodgings, as often as a whore does her name and her lovers. But I hope I shall one day have the pleasure of seeing the rogue hang'd in hemp of his own beating. And so, master, your humble servant.

[Exit.

True. This is a most agreeable piece of justice. This vintner is a knave, who has cunning enough to cheat all who put faith in him, and wit enough to avoid the punishment of his own crimes, but, by the malignity of his fate, is ever suffering for other men's roguery, and nobody pities him.

SONG V. Says Rager to Nell.

When sharpers are bit,
We're pleas'd with the wit
Of those who the plunder share;
The law we pass by,
Bid the judge shut the eye,
Reprizals for justice declare;
To cheat the deceiver is fair.

Ha! here comes the ambo-dextrous knave.

Enter Brainworm.

So, Mr. Brainworm, you are in great haste, upon a hot scent, I suppose; what darling of fortune are you going to run down?

Brain. Fye, Mr. Trueman, you should not judge so hard.

True. The accusation of Robin Mulligrub, the vintner, concerning the forg'd bill, will give your acquaintance just cause to suspect you.

Brain. Sir, there is not a greater rogue in the whole company of vintners, and they are a numerous body.

True. His being a knave is no proof of your innocence; you should have appear'd in court and disprov'd his scandalous accusation.

Brain. The rogue knew I could not confront him in the court, having a swinging action out against me, so took the advantage of my misfortunes, and thought to vindicate his own reputation by aspersing mine. The villain keeps an estate of 200 pounds a year from me, which my father mortgag'd to him for a thousand pounds; and now he would rob me of my good character.

True. Which you have been a stranger to these twelve months at least. Come, come, your lean-

dalous practices, your tricks and cheats are pretty well known; consider, you have but few friends, little reputation, and less money; and if you should be taken hold on by the law, and convicted, you'll hardly escape it's punishment.

Brain. As you say, Sir, being poor, I shall have but little hopes. Few men indeed suffer for dishonesty, but for poverty many: the greatest part of mankind being rogues within or without the law, the little thieves are hang'd for the security of the great.

SONG VI. Have ye seen Battledore Play?

Have ye seen Westminster-hall,

Where the lawyers should meet to do right, Sir?

Or have you noted the stock-jobbers bawl,

Where in Exchange-alley,

They cheat the world daily,

As knavery were all their delight, Sir?

The first 'mong themselves your chatties divide,

And steal whole estates with the law on their side;

And as to the others,

They'll trick their own brothers,

Their fathers or mothers.

But who does attempt, Sir,

Their crimes do admonish?

While poor rogues you punish

For trifles, and tuck up in hemp, Sir.

Take my word, Sir, there are greater rogues ride in their own coaches, than any that walk on foot.

True. I wonder a man of your understanding and education can defend to such an infamous way of living. Have you no friend that—

Brain. When I had money, Sir, I had many professors; but necessity is the touch-stone of friendship, which is but a shadow that attends the sunshine of our prosperity; that once over-clouded with adverse fortune, the other straight becomes invisible.

SONG VII. Young Jenny.

When in my chariot debonair

I flutter'd in the ring,

What flower was half so sweet or fair,

Or who like me cou'd sing.

But lo! the sudden turn of fate!

I flutter now no more,

The love of all is turn'd to hate,

None ever prais'd the poor.

True. I am well assur'd of your misfortunes, but if you endeavour to maintain a good reputation, you stand fair for preferment; you are well qualify'd for a place, and have merit enough to countenance your pretensions.

Brain. With submission, Sir, I find you have studied books more than men; you know what should give a man pretensions to preferment, but are ignorant of what does. Alas, Sir! virtue is of little use, for he who has the most money is now the worthiest man; no matter by what means he obtains it.

True. You are very satirical, but I have always made one observation, that the greatest knaves are the most severe judges; they view all mankind in the false mirror of their own actions, and when they can't defend their villanies, think to extenuate them by pleading the example of their betters.

SONG VIII. The Twitber.

So, scarcely you meet

Any drab in the street,

But tells you with impudent face, Sir,

If her manners you blame,

She counts it no shame,

To do what is done by her grace, Sir,

Brain. Ah, Sir, if example could justify actions, there would be no thieves in the world, possession would then be the only right; children might turn their fathers out of doors, servants their masters; perjury, rebellion, and blasphemy, would all become lawful. I could say more, Sir, but great men's vices must be sacred—where scandalum magnatum is punish'd with such severity, and money an argument to prove black white, poor men dare not speak the truth of their betters.

True. I own few men have the sense to bear honest satire as they ought.

Brain. Sir, give me leave to recommend this small treatise to your perusal; 'tis call'd, Beware of a Knave; 'tis a description of mankind, written originally in Spanish, by an excellent master in the thriving art of chicanery.

True. What should I do with it? think'st thou I am so base to study such vile arts, or so indigent to practise them?

Brain. I mean no reflection, Sir, on your honour or fortune; but in these cozening times, it is more necessary to study other men than ourselves! 'tis proper to know false dice, tho' a man scorns to make use of them. Ah! Sir, there's many a man, that you may think honefter than myself, would, if opportunity served, look in your face and pick your pocket.

SONG IX. *In the Fields in Frost and Snow.*

Lend the knave a watchful eye,

Who to act his part, Sir,

Talks of nought but honesty,

To disguise his heart, Sir.

Full of flams,

Lies and shams,

All he meets

Tricks and cheats,

Your care defeats;

Looks upon you with a smile,

And your pocket picks the while.

[Picks his pocket.

The times, Sir, are alter'd; interest is now the spring of all actions, and for a man to seek preferment with nothing but a good reputation, would be as fruitless, as to sue for an estate in forma pauperis.

True. I wish it were otherwise—however, the worst of times can't make an impression on true virtue, for that's a rock which stands immoveable in the most violent storms of fortune; there is somewhat for you, and all I have about me, faith, at present; be honest, and I shall be proud to serve you. [Exit.

Brain. A good civil fellow! pick'd his pocket, and he, generously rewards my ingenuity. Be honest; ha, ha, ha! I thank you, Sir; no, I love no such starving virtue. I should be proud to serve you! I despise a life dependant on others courtesy. There are fools enough in the world for witty men to strike their fortunes out of, and he only deserves to live, who has the art to extract gold out of lead. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Mother Pearce and Bellamira.

M. Pearce. Good honey daughter, do not indulge thy passion, thus; you hear Trueman is to be married, true; he has abus'd you, right; he has cast you off, ay; he will leave you to the wide world, what then? tho' blue and white, black and green, forsake you, you may not red and yellow entertain you! Is there but one colour in the rainbow?

Bell. Cease your sentimental nonsense, let me go loose as the winds; when mad, when raging

mad, 'twas you that first seduc'd me, besieged my heart with tales of Trueman, repeated all his charms, and made my virtue fade like flowers with too much heat; which when you saw, you let him know how small my strength, and how he best might conquer; and he, lovely tyrant, found it true, and never ceased till he had vanquish'd all. Leave me, thou that hast brought my soul and body to nothing.

M. Pearce. To nothing? I'll be sworn I have brought you to all the things I could, how can you belye my industry thus? I have made as much of you as a woman of any conscience could; I help'd you to no ill chapman, mistress; none of your swaggering blades, that sin gratis, and bully a woman into compliance; none of your lawyers clerks, your pitiful half-crown fencers; but wealthy citizens, that cou'd pay for their pastime.

Bell. I'll be revenged; nothing but dire revenge shall appease my rage. Nor fear, nor shame, shall check my daring spirit.

SONG X.

What pow'r can woman's heart restrain,

When love has got possession there?

Virtue and reason plead in vain,

To keep us from the tempting snare;

All laws both human and divine

We sacrifice at Cupid's shrine.

Oh! how can I bear the thoughts of his paying those vows to another mistress, which are due to me alone? and which he has breath'd so oft in kisses on my bosom? False traitor! tell me why didst thou praise this monster to me?

M. Pearce. I did praise him, I confess I did praise him: I said he was a fool, an unthrift; a true whore-master, a constant drab-keeper, I did praise him; but what, the wind is turn'd, the puppy's grown wise on a sudden; but will not his friend Rowewell go down with you? he is wealthy, and almost out of his wits for love of thee. Then he is a fine gentleman, and a strong one too, or I have no skill; he has a leg like a post, a brow like a bull, and a nose of goodly expectation.

Bell. I hate Rowewell for his friend's sake, and could murder all who know him; I cannot live without the perjurd Trueman, nor shall he live to boast his infidelity. O! I could curse the happy Charlotte, whose charms have robb'd me of his heart.

Enter Rowewell.

Rowe. What clouded in grief, fair Bellamira? in such a sorrow sat the queen of Love, when in the woods she mourn'd her young Adonis dead. Light of my soul! my heart's sublimest joy! why dost thou weep? why like distilling roses waste, dissolving thus thy beauties in a dew?

Bell. Oh! 'tis not in the power of eloquence to ease my tortur'd heart; talk not of love, 'tis talking of my ruin. I can no more give credit to your deluding sex, whose pride is to deceive.

Rowe. Condemn not all our sex, for the inconstancy of one; indeed I cannot play the hypocrite, and court thy beauties like one, whose love hangs only on his loose tongue.

Bell. Just to he talk'd, and I, fond fool, believ'd, and tired him out with love; but you are, all false, inconstant, faithless tyrants, and betrayers even at that very moment that you gain us.

Rowe. Come, come, you must consent, this body was form'd for love's sweet exercise. O! how the fires my soul!

M. Pearce. Ah, ah! ah! ah! cunning girl! how she works him up by degrees! Well, I had bid

her out of my own body, she could not have been more like me.—See, see, how prettily she manages him, her eyes bid him come on, and her hands keep him off: the best way in the world to shut up his understanding and open his purse.

S. O. N. G. XI. *Abbess of Canterbury.*

The damsel who dexters in the business of love, To it's pleasures should only by interest move; Should check her strong passions, her wishes disguise, And what her heart longs for deny with her eyes.

Bell. This man, whom I abhor, through all my rage I see has passion for me; raise it, ye powers, 'till it becomes so high, to be employ'd a fatal instrument in my revenge! [*Aside.*] Nay, pray, Sir, leave the neglected—

Rove. Can such beauty be neglected? Oh! happy, happy Trueman, who uncontroul'd may range o'er such a field of love!

M. Pearce. Aye, there was a rapture for you! that's ten pieces more in our way, if she is rhetoric proof, and don't consent too soon.

Bell. Oh, my poor forsaken heart!

M. Pearce. Aye, marry, that sigh was artfully slung in.

Rove. Alas! Bellamira, why dost thou waste those precious drops in memory of a false ungrateful man? Sorrow will fade the rosy tincture of thy cheeks, and blanch thy springing beauties; he saw the not who left thee, such charms could not be seen and slighted; uplift thy eyes, and see in me a man, who doats upon thee. Oh, I am all faith and constancy.

M. Pearce. So, now she should begin to dissolve a little, there's an art in all trades; in ours the difficulty is to know when to come on, and when to stand off: the man's passion is now at the top; and things cannot long stand at the top. It is an old observation I have made, that when the pot boils over, it cools itself; but then all the fat's in the fire. Aye, that is not as it should be—the should encourage him a little, or the hot fit will be over, and he'll degenerate into cool reason again.

Rove. My love grows high, and rages in me like a storm: believe my vows; but you have been deceiv'd that way already; therefore, thou dear, thou lovely, injur'd fair-one, credit my plain sincerity. I will be grateful in what way you please. Take me to your embraces.

Bell. Do you then believe me such a creature, that have no sense but appetite, the brutal part of love? I am not yet abandon'd to such wretchedness.

Rove. Forgive me, who too hastily run o'er what ought to have been laid of my vast passion.

Bell. Think on the sin.

Rove. 'Tis none, but a vile imposition on the law of nature, contriv'd by cunning avaricious fathers, to stop the rapid tide of generous love, and tie it down to sordid interest: desire is a law, set down by nature's counsel, and not to be disputed.

M. Pearce. Ah, marry, there's logic! there's an argument to encourage trading in our way. If I had not left my pocket-book and pencil at church last sabbath-day, I would have taken it down in shorthand.

Bell. Think how you'll suffer in your reputation.

Rove. No matter what the fools of form shall say; I love to please myself and not the world; I chuse not with others reason but my own, which points out you as my supremest good. Dull customs I slight, I follow nature's laws; beauty was made for use, it gives desire, desire is natural, and what is natural cannot be a sin.

M. Pearce. An excellent doctor of fornication; I vow, and argues learnedly for it's practice.

Bell. Well, I will consent—shall I?

M. Pearce. Aye, that's prettily acted to the life; the girl has nick'd her cue.

Bell. Shall I, or can I, trust again? oh fool! how natural 'tis for women to believe! Will you not forsake me then?

Rove. Oh, no, my love shall still increase, still grow upon enjoyment; upon thy lips I swear, by this, and this, and all the thrilling joys to come, not time itself shall lessen my affection.

M. Pearce. So, so, the articles are sign'd, I'll leave them to exchange preliminaries by themselves. [*Exit.*]

Bell. Can you believe this heart, that has been used so ill already, can trust to feeble vows? Will you be bravely kind? and as a proof of your avow'd affection resolve upon a deed, would shake a soul that is not fix'd in love.

Rove. If within my power, suppose it done.

SONG XII. *Love leads to Battle.*

Thro' scenes of battle love may command me, I to his service devote my days;

Nor fire, nor sword, nor seas shall withstand me, What love commands my fond heart obeys.

Bell. Oh! Rovewell!

Rove. My life! my love!

Bell. Thou hast stolen into my heart—indeed I do not love Trueman.

Rove. Then I am happy.

Bell. Nay, I hate him.

Rove. You make me blest.

Bell. I wish he were not your friend, for I hate him, by this kiss I do.

Rove. I love to feel such oaths; swear again.

Bell. Oh, Rovewell! I have made a vow.

Rove. What vow, my charmer?

Bell. I dare not tell—endeavour to forget me, as I must all mankind. [*Going.*]

Rove. Stay—rack me not thus with thy unkind delay.

Bell. As long as Trueman lives, I must not, cannot, dare not love.

Rove. Then he must die—

Bell. Would I was any thing, so he was dead.

Rove. Will you be mine when he is dead?

Bell. Will I! yes, by my hopes of dear revenge I will, and only yours, inviolably yours.

Rove. Why then he dies, his doom is fix'd as fate.

Bell. Now I am sure you love me.

Rove. Beyond expression; no words can tell the transport of my heart. Oh, let me clasp thee in my desiring arms.

Bell. Rovewell, forbear; while Trueman lives you cannot take possession of my love; and of his death this taken I require: he has a ring, dear to him as his breath, a pledge of love from his fair Charlotte. I have often try'd, with cunning art, to get it from him, but even in the softest hours of love, when I thought his heart was mine by his protesting tongue, he still refus'd me, swearing his life and that must part together—now bring but this ring, and you shall ask nothing I'll deny.

Rove. What kill a man! my friend too? let me not think of it—reason avant—love now commands my heart. Madam, farewell! I'll give a fatal proof how well I love. [*Exit.*]

Bell. Mischievous success, my heart swells high with vengeance; the friend will kill his friend, him that survives I'll hang; then the ring that gives malice larger scope—Oh! the joy it will be to torture Charlotte's heart; the hatred which pro-

gets from love neglected; out-does the most in-
terate malice; and thus,

The base, the perjurd race of men shall see,
How injured women can resent in me. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

Heartfree and Trueman.

Heart. Sir, I am very well satisfy'd; you need
not make any apology; if my daughter likes you as
a husband, as I do for a son-in-law, you shall be
happy as you please to think your self.

True. I am only sorry for Charlotte's sake, that
my fortune is not equal to my love.

Heart. Look you, Sir, if my daughter likes your
person, the smallness of your fortune shall not be
a bar to your pretensions. Understanding is better
than land, I say; and I had much rather marry my
daughter to a man that wants money, than to money
that wants a man.

True. Sir, this is a blessing—

Heart. That's as it proves. Look ye, young fel-
low, no set speeches; the girl has an inclination
for you, I believe, by what I have heard and seen,
and if you can have love enough to make one an-
other happy, I'll endeavour to preserve it by a good
fortune.

True. If I can make my way to Charlotte's heart,
I shall be the happiest of mankind.

Heart. If a good word of mine will do thee any
service, thou shalt not want it, for I like thee, and
think thee a proper match for my daughter. I am
for an agreement of years and hearts in marriage;
I am not so old to forget I was once young. I would
not have her hand given in one place, when her
heart is in another. But, young man, here have
been tears shed upon your account, but that's entre-
mous; here was a naughty woman of your acquaint-
ance yesterday with my daughter, I wish you have
done honourably with that creature.

True. Sir, she is the vilest of her sex; I con-
fess I have had an affair with her, and now I have
broke it off, she pursues me with implacable
hatred.

Heart. Well, well, we have all had our follies;
every one must have his time of probation; you'll
know the value of a virtuous woman the better;
but I'm inform'd your friend Rowewell is grown
passionately fond of her.

True. Even to madness; I never knew a man of
sense so besotted.

Heart. Rowewell has not acted like a man of
honour to my niece Louisa; his love to that crea-
ture has robb'd him of his good manners as well
as his sense, or he might have made some tolerable
excuse for his neglect of the girl.

True. Tho' Rowewell is, at present, bewitch'd
by this pernicious woman, yet I dare say he is a man
of so much honour, that he will acquit himself to
your satisfaction.

Heart. Your pardon, Sir, I do not think so; I
know how to relent an injury—but here comes my
daughter.

Enter Charlotte.

Good-morrow, child, here is an acquaintance of
yours has been asking me to accept of him for a son-
in-law: I won't put you to the blush by asking
if you like him, tho' that's a kind of tell-tale look,
my dear; and if I have not forgot the language of
the eyes, I can tell how your heart heats.

Char. Lord, Sir, this is so surprising—

Heart. Psha! psha! what you have not dreamt
of a husband to night, I warrant; well, well,
Charlotte, without more ado, child, if you have
any love to dispose of, there's your chapman, and

if you can give him your heart, I'll give him my
consent, and a coral for your first key. Up to
her, young fellow, and—*[Exit.]*—
Be but, prudent enough, and I'll waitant
success.

SONG XIII.

Time, Sleepy-finn, and Qu.

If of a woman's heart you would be surety,
Be briskly bold, and storm her forth with fury.

Be not tame, nor think of shame,

For then she can't endure ye.

Odd, methinks I long to see them asked together;
well, I'll leave open the door of opportunity, and
Cupid speed ye.

True. This, Charlotte, is a happiness beyond our
expectation.

Char. Now am I sorry my father has given his
consent.

True. How, Madam, are you sorry for it?

Char. Yes, for methinks I don't like you half
so well; there's a pleasure in overcoming diffi-
culties, and I should strangely like to be run away
with.

True. This is all romance; when shall be the
happy day, my charmer?

Char. Aye, now it is my charmer; I with mar-
riage don't make me your tormentor. I have ob-
serv'd among several of my acquaintance, that a
very few months have chang'd the most violent
raptures into a cold indifference.

SONG XIV.

Princess Royal, and Ser.

I. When to the bed

Of love we're led,

To yield our virgin pride,

What oaths are sworn,

They'll love us more than

Than all the world beside.

II. But when away,

Not longer they

The marriage promise keep,

But love each fair,

Too much to bear!

And leave their wives to weep.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, Mr. Rowewell is below, and desires to
speak with you immediately about important bu-
siness.

True. I'll wait upon him; you'll excuse me,
Madam; but in the mean time consider, now
we have secur'd your father's consent, I shall think
every hour an age till the happy moment is fix'd.

SONG XV.

No more, my treasure,

Delay our pleasure,

Oh, give me possession of thy charms.

Char. Then all is over,

The kneeling lover

Turns to a tyrant, whilst in these arms.

True. Fair one believe me,

Char. You will deceive me,

And when possess'd of, will slight those

Charms.

True. No, one can slight such heavenly charms.

SONG XVI.

Enter Trueman and Rowewell.

True. How does the woman of Sinby?

Row. O Trueman, my nature never before

produced so damn'd a devil.

Row. O Trueman, my nature never before

produced so damn'd a devil.

True. Which way does the wind set now?

Rove. I have escap'd falling into the worst of mischiefs; I have been tempted to thy death, and in my heat of passion, inflam'd with wild desire, and robb'd of reason, by her bewitching charms, have vow'd to kill thee.

True. What has the rampant strumpet grown mad for the loss of her man? Now do you consider, Rowewell, what you might have done, urg'd by your love, and her inveterate malice? Then think betimes, and let this drive her from your heart. How can'st thou neglect the profer'd love of fair Louisa, and court the lewd embraces of so vile a creature?

Rove. I must pity poor Louisa; but, oh, my friend, that creature, vile as she is, has got into my heart, and reason cannot drive her thence; you have a ring.

True. Which she would have.

Rove. Aye, and thy heart too; and as a proof that I have kill'd you, she commanded me to bring that ring, which she was well assur'd you would not part from but with life; for which deed, and only which, I may possess her love.

True. And then you vow'd to kill your friend?

Rove. My passion, not I; for when my reason interpos'd, I could not bear to look upon myself. I am almost mad to think I doat upon a body, whose soul I know to be so foul. Oh! that I could master my impatient appetite!

True. You may, you can; call reason to your aid, and stifle this low and sensual fire.

Rove. Oh! no, my friend, there is no reason in desire; I fear, I shall be urg'd to act some deed, whose name is hideous: I dare not trust myself.

True. No.

Rove. It is my fate, I must enjoy her.

True. You shall here take this ring, shew it that fair devil, it will confirm her in the belief that I am kill'd, and my absence at the same time will put it out of dispute.

Rove. But if it be given out that you are slain, and that by me, I shall be seiz'd; where shall I find you?

True. At Burnish's, the goldsmith; I dare trust him with the design.

Rove. Pardon me, my friend, every man has his follies, especially the lover.

SONG XVI. *The Play of Love.*

Oh, God of Love, what human art
Can ward against thy fatal dart?

To what hard fate are lovers bound!

Since nought can cure

What we endure,

But the fair pow'r that gave the wound. [Exit.]

True. Now repentance, the fool's whip, o'er take thee; I'll be a friend to thee, but not to thy vice; no goldsmith shall see me, I'll make thee know and feel thy errors in the severest sense. [Exit.]

SCENE III. Enter Brainworm.

Brain. The devil take all dice; I wish I could forbear touching a box while I live; for what I get by the follies of other men, I lose by my own. The silver tankard which I stole from Mulligrub (as great a rogue as myself) I sold for five and twenty pounds, and lost it in two hours at hazard. I have now but one solitary shilling left. Heigh ho! let's see, something may be made of this barber's boy, perhaps.

Enter Simon.
Alas! my lad, where art thou going?

Sim. To have Mr. Mulligrub's

Brain. Oh! that's well, I was just going to your master's.

Sim. To my father's, you mean, Sir.

Brain. Aye, right, thy father's; thou art a pretty boy; I have heard my friend Mulligrub commend thee much.

Sim. He is my godfather, Sir.

Brain. Yes, he told me so, and your name is—

Sim. Simon Smack, Sir.

Brain. A wise boy; well, Simon, I was just going to thy father's to borrow an apron, a bason, and razors, to shave Mr. Mulligrub in a frolick; but now I've met thee, I'll take thine.

Sim. O dear! Sir, what do you mean?

Brain. No harm, my lad, only a frolick. Here's sixpence for thee; thou shalt find thy things at thy godfather's, if you come back in half an hour.

Sim. 'Tis very well, Sir, I thank you. [Exit.]

Brain. This is lucky enough; Mulligrub is so near sighted that he can't discover me thro' my disguise, and if I can fix my birdlime fingers on any thing that's moveable, I'm sure my conscience will not fly in my face. I take more pleasure in cheating that rogue than any body I know; and if I don't shave him now, I shall say my wit and my razors are both very blunt.

SONG XVII. *Hey Boys, up we go.*

Thus his foes in each shape,

Old Proteus defy'd;

Now a bull, now an ape,

His Godship bely'd.

Thus I cheat foe or friend,

Before their own eyes;

First I answer my end,

Then shift my disguise. [Exit.]

SCENE III. Mulligrub and his Wife.

Wife. 'Tis right, I assure you, just two and forty pounds. [She lays a bag on the table.]

Mull. Well, I'll send home the punch-bowl; then I must go and taste some wines, which are just landed; but I shall come home to supper.

Wife. Truly, husband, I begin to dislike this vocation of ours; what signifies mincing the matter; you know we do cheat most abominably, and truly it goes against my conscience.

Mull. Hold your peace, woman; what have we to do with conscience? Don't we keep a tavern? 'Tis time enough to talk of that when we have got an estate. Go, go, mind your business; score false, with a vengeance.

SONG XVIII. *Old Orpheus tickled, &c.*

Oh never let conscience interfere,

While we are getting money, my dear;

Be all your care to cheat and to please;

When we are rich, we'll repent, my dear.

With a twinkum, twankum, twang.

Go, go, I say, and take my advice with you.

Wife sings. SONG XIX. *Same Tune.*

I'll warrant you, spouse, I'll play my part;

Since cheating, you say, must be my art;

My conscience I'll quiet, never fear,

And when we're rich, we'll repent, my dear.

With a twinkum, twaakum, &c. [Exit.]

Enter Brainworm like a Barber.

Mull. How now, who are you?

Brain. Your barber, Mr. Smack's journeyman, at your service.

Mull. Pray, what's your name?

Brain. Timothy Truth.

Mull. A very good name; but where's my godfather? he us'd to shave me.

Brain. Simon's gone to have parson Crab, the

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erate, and my maker fear'd you might be in haste, and therefore sent me—Will you be pleas'd to sit down, Sir?

Brain. But the clock about him.

Mull. How long have you been a barber?

Brain. About a year, Sir.

Mull. Then you did not serve your time to one? *Brain.* No, Sir, but I am willing to do any thing for an honest livelihood. A wagging hand, you know, gets the penny.

Mull. An ingenious fellow!

Brain. Yes, Sir, I have nothing else to trust to.

Mull. What was you bred to?

Brain. The sea, Sir.

Mull. What made you leave the sea?

Brain. Ill luck, Sir.

Mull. What was it?

Brain. If the devil forsakes me now, I'm undone. *[Aside.]* In my first voyage, Sir, we met with three Algerine pirates, which we made all the fall from we could; but being deep laden, we found it impossible to escape them, and having heard so much of the barbarity of those people, I chose rather to trust to the mercy of the waves, than become their prisoner; I therefore prevailed with our cooper to put me in a barrel, with six biscuits, then cork me up, and throw me overboard.

Mull. And how didst thou escape at last?

Brain. Merely by Providence, Sir. I fall'd about upon the sea twelve days, and had nothing to live on but the biscuits—Held up your head, Sir.

Mull. Twelve days! O pox! that could not be, Tim.

Brain. 'Tis true as I'm an honest man—At last I was cast on shore, and thinking any fate better than starving, I struck out the bung, and putting my head out for a little fresh air, found I was on Greenland.

Mull. On Greenland, Tim? How did you know you was on Greenland? Was you ever there before?

Brain. The devil confound that question—*[Aside.]* O, Sir, by a white fox, a creature that was never seen in any other country; it came galloping down to the sea-side, and I, at his approach, pull'd my head into the barrel again.

Mull. A white fox! how big was this white fox?

Brain. Somewhat bigger than a large Flanders mare. So, as I was saying, he came to the barrel, and smelling whereabouts I was, roared like a lion; but as Providence would have it, in that very moment a fly stung his buttocks, he turned round to rub himself against the barrel; his tail lying over the bung-hole, I clasp'd hold of it with both hands; the fox frightened galloped as if the devil was at his tail, and dragg'd the barrel, with me in it, over hedge and ditch, for three and twenty miles together, at last he jump'd into a wood, and running full speed between two trees, which stood close together, hav'd the barrel to pieces; away ran the fox, and out came I.

Mull. O! Tim, this must be a gun, Tim.

Brain. Every word true, or I wish I may never shave any more. So, Sir, I travell'd to the port, where I met an English vessel, and thence I came home in her—Shut your eyes, Sir, or my ball will make them smart.

Mull. I find you have been a great traveller. Was you ever in the Popish countries?

Brain. In most parts of it, Sir, and am acquainted with all the most famous. O, Sir, my travels were not a journey of curiosity or knowledge. I have been in Finland, where I have

seen ships swift as wing against the wind; where the men can shoot westward, and kill the game that flies behind them. *[Sings.]* Take time by the forelock, says the wife man—must leave the winter in the road.

[He takes the bag of the table, and exits.]
Mull. O! pox, (he's must be damn'd lies, Tim. —Come, make haste, tho'. I can't bat high, Ha, ha, ha! when I think what a bed-roll of lies, thou hast told off hand, with thy barber, thy white fox, thy horse-hoe, and Finlander. Thou do'st not take me for such an ass, to believe all this, sure? Why don't you shave me? Why Timochy, I shall be blind with winking—Tim—*[Spitting.]*—why Tim—*[Spitting.]* O Lord! my mind misgives me. *[Feels on the table.]* Why wife, wife—O the devil! thy money is gone—Why wife, wife!

Enter Wife.

Wife. What's the matter with you, Mr. Mulligrub, that you make such a noise?

Mul. Where's the barber?

Wife. He's gone, are you not trimm'd?

Mull. Trimm'd! yes, I am trimm'd with a vengeance! Did you take the money off the table?

Wife. Not I, as I'm an honest woman!

Mull. O Lord! I have wink'd to some purpose now. Why the devil could you not stay in the room, while I was shaving? you are never in the way, when you may do a man good.

SONG XX. *Red-Hair.*

When women are wanted, they'll not come near us,
And when we're most sad, the least they can cheer us;

How much we mistake in pursuit of our pleasure!
We grasp at our torment, and think we're a treasure.

Wife. Unhappy is the marriage-state;

A race of sorrows is her life,
Whose spouse, in each hard turn of fate,
Lays all the blame upon his wife.

[Exit Mulligrub.]

Wife. Go thy ways for a frisking, cuckold. This fellow's humours grow intolerable to me. When we were first married, he thought nothing too good for me, and now he's ever finding fault; he pretends to be jealous, and I'll take care it shan't be without cause. 'Twill be but justice; for I know he has been false to me, with my own maid too.

SONG XXI. *Young Pithers.*

The youthful pair, their pleasures share,
Nor think they'll e'er be satiate;

But when we're wed, all joys are fled;

All joys are fled, all joys are fled;

If spouse grows jealous, pated;

If once to her fault's detected;

He does prefer some trust for nymph divine;

No wife's to blame, if she's unkind;

Who does that fancies a good friend;

And pays him in his coin, and in his mind;

And pays him in his coin, and in his mind;

Enter Horatio, Penice, Bellamira, and Bellamira's maid.

Penice. O! Impudent! and reduced to love, to be whipt by thee!

Brain. By me? why, Bellamira, not by me?

Here's that, which makes me equal with the best.

Honour and love are both derived from this.

Shows a person with the best of all friendships,

and I'm sure all men shall be my friends,

your sex.

SONG XXII. *Young Bacchus when merry, &c.*

Come hasten together,
Bright men of the feather,
Of the sword, the toupée, or the pen:
In your several parts,
Display all your arts,
Which ever made women captives to men.
Behold here a bribe,
Outdoes all your tribe,
Shall the sex of their coyness defeat;
This glittering snare
Shall lead all the fair
From St. James's, to bless'd Lombard-street.

M. Pearce. By my conscience, what he says is right; and the wiser we for knowing what to prize. What signifies a title? 'Tis but an empty sound, and sound is but air; and a woman can't live upon air. And what is honour, but the workmanship of opinion? Marry, there is no thriving in this world, if you prefer any thing to money.

Brain. Right, Mother Pearce, you speak like an oracle! 'tis the grand mover of all things.

M. Pearce. Aye, by my troth it is, and the quintessence of virtue too. No disgrace is like poverty; for if you observe, none but poor harlots are call'd whores; get but money, and you are above scandal; you may go to church without blushing; nay, upon my honesty, you are company for the parson of the parish. I remember a pretty couplet, written by an old bard, to this purpose:

Q London, say what shame thy town reproaches,
Poor whores are whipt, and rich ones ride in coaches.

Brain. Right, the first beat hemp in Bridewell, and the latter drink tea with the justices.

Bell. Cease your bellicose doctrine.

Brain. Come, Bellamira, whatever you may think of me, I was once a gentleman; though poor, depriv'd of all, I have a heart that pants to venture on when beauty calls; and this small stock, which my own industry has got, I must employ in the dear cause.

M. Pearce. Take it, Bell, I have an apothecary's bill to pay.

Bell. Hell take you, and that together.

SONG XXIII. *When bright Aurelia.*

All dignities in church and state,
May yield to pow'ful gold;
But such the wife depreys of fate,
The love of sexes, and the hate,
Are neither bought or sold.

Cease your importunities, you witch, you destroyer of my peace.

M. Pearce. O! bless me, was ever such an uncharitable creature? Go, you would be ashamed to use a woman of my years thus, if you had any grace. Have you forgot how kind I have been to you, hussy? Did I not take you from the waggon, a poor, ignorant, awkward, country girl, with nothing but an old staff down to thy back? And instead of making thee a servant, did I not put thee into a goodly condition, give thee fine cloths, and bring thee into good company? Well, well, the sin of ingratitude is worse than the sin of witchcraft. Where do you think of going when you die, for using me to this rate? *[Crying.]* Have I not help'd you to culls of all nations, and am I thus rewarded? Well, Betty Pearce, go thy ways, thy kind heart will bring thee to the hospital.

Brain. Take this instant note of my conquer'd heart, I may in time increase it; I to rest on

Bell. Bawdy fellow! would he were deaf by noise and riot; canst thou believe, that after Trueman's love, I will receive a villain to my arms?

Brain. These insults are unjust for proffer'd love! All that I have, I offer, my heart and gold; and if the first's despis'd, the last may plead.

Bell. Take no advantage o'er my blighted charms; for though that perjurd man, false Trueman's gone, I yet have beauty that may awe the man, whose looks would make thee tremble: and dare you stand my power?

Brain. I dare, and am resolv'd upon a conquest. *[Strikes her.]*

Bell. Sirrah, desist, nor tempt my rage too far. *[Exit.]*

Brain. I will not leave you so.

When love commands, we must pursue the chase; None but the resolute obtain the race. *[Exit.]*

M. Pearce. Go thy ways for a cunning knave. I am no judge of a man, if he succeeds not; he has what will debauch half our sex, money and impudence.

Enter Trueman disguised.

What would you have, Sir? would you have aught with me?—A proper handsome fellow!—but ill dress'd. *[Aside.]*

True. Madam, I am a decayed gentleman.

M. Pearce. Alas! you can be nothing worse.

True. This is a recommendation of me to you, whom I would gladly serve.—*[Gives her a letter.]* How one bawd will impose upon another! They are like lawyers in the way of business, give them but a fee, and they'll go through thick and thin. 'Mother Frowzey has here recommended me for a stallion, in order to answer my design on Rowewell. *[Aside.]*

M. Pearce. Well, sister Frowzey gives you a goodly character; you are obliged to her—and so am I; this fellow will please the Countess of Skimmington admirably, and my Lady Night-and-Day, and the Alderman's wife out of the City, and, by my troth, he'll serve my own turn.—I like his symmetry; he is well built; my blood is not so cold, as to make me past pleasure. Well, I vow he is a portly fellow.

Bell. *[Within.]* Help! Help! undone! O help!

True. Ah! Is my service so soon demand'd?

[Draws his sword, and goes in.]

M. Pearce. Surely the rogue is ravishing her!

[True, drags in Brain. Bell. follows.]

True. Dog!

Bell. Hold! do not kill the villain; 'tis enough that you have saved me from his mischief.

True. Tho' he deserve a severer fate, I will obey you. Begone! base scoundrel. *[Kicks Brainworm out.]* What a wretched thing's a whore, that every rascal dares approach with love! *[Aside.]*

Bell. Pray, Sir, who are you, to whom I am so much oblig'd?

True. One that would gladly serve you.

Bell. Thou hast a brave soul, I'm sure. I will endeavour to prefer you; in the mean time, make this your home.

M. Pearce. Shall any have admittance?

[Knocking without.]

Bell. Only this perjurd Trueman's friend.

[Exit Mother Pearce.]

You may retire, and wait my farther pleasure.

True. I will. Now, Rowewell, shall I witness to thy weakness. *[Exit.]*

Enter Rowewell.

Row. Now, my fair mistress, soul of my desires, I come with all the spoils of conquering love, And lay them, with myself, at thy dear feet. *[Takes her hand, and kneels.]* And here's the witness of my victory.

[Shows the ring.]

SONG XXIV. *While I gaze on Chloe trembling.*

What in life is worth desiring,
If the fair we seek's unkind!
See me at thy feet expiring,
To each other object blind.
Drive me to the hardest trial,
To the farthest India send:
Command, be sure of no denial,
Though it is to slay my friend.

What! not a smile, when Trueman is no more?

Bell. Is Trueman dead? O! thou inhuman friend,
Who took the specious tide to betray!
O! justice, can you let this traitor live,
That has so basely used the name of friend?
Since Trueman's gone, life has no charms to me.

Ross. Surprising! Shall I say he is not dead?

Bell. Not dead! and hast thou, wretch, deceiv'd
my hopes?

And is not Trueman dead? Oh, what is man!
Did'st thou not swear, and beg to give me proof
Of thy false passion? And I ask'd but one,
And that thou hast denied me. From my sight,
Or thou shalt feel what my revenge can act.

Ross. Calm that dear angry brow, and tell me,
What answer best can please? [love,

Bell. Presumptuous man!
How dar'st thou trifle thus with my commands?

Ross. Since I am fated to offend, my love,
I will not stain my passion with a lye.
I have, my fair, obey'd thy strict commands,
And Trueman now is number'd with the dead.

Bell. And may'st thou soon be number'd with
the damn'd;

For thou hast kill'd all that my soul could love.

SONG XXV. *One Evening as I lay.*

If my belov'd is dead,
All joy on earth farewell;
Henceforth I'll lay my head
In some far lonely shell.

Welcome the mournful shade,
And deserts, where I'll stray;
I'll to the gloomy glade,
And weep my life away.

Ross. This is an ill reward for all my love;
Ingratitude like this shall cure my heart. [Going.

Bell. I must not let him go, 'till I'm reveng'd.
O Trueman, I ne'er knew how much I lov'd,
How much I priz'd thee, till this fatal hour. [Aside.
Stay, I relent; O stay! and give my heart
The soft indulgence of a moment's grief,
For him I once lov'd.

Ross. Forget him now;
He grossly wrong'd you, and who wrong'd such
charms,

Ought to be punish'd with no less than death:
I made your cause my own, and stab'd my friend,
And for my service wait the dear reward.

Bell. One hour I ask to moderate my woes,
For him who lately was so dear to me.

Ross. Still on that subject?

Bell. Thou art stain'd with blood,
I cannot yet receive you to my arms;
But grant the hour I ask, and I'm your own.

Ross. Do not deceive me, fair-one.

Bell. No, by Heaven!

I will reward thee—in thy guilt deserves. [Aside.

Ross. Here, keep this ring, and every moment
I count; in absence, a long year of love.

SONG XXVI. *Trueman's last.*

Farewell! all joy for ever whiter.

Here I leave my love to your power.

O bless my return with a smile,
An age, I shall count the long hour.
From thee a sad exile I go, named *Trueman*
By my hopes, my fond hopes kept alive;
While absent my sorrows shall flow,
When we meet, all my pleasures revive.

Bell. Thou credulous, vain, treacherous fool,
farewell. [Exit.

Now shall my soul indulge her great revenge:

This ring instructs me how to act; I'll go,
And frame to Charlotte such a dreadful tale,
As through her ear shall stab her to the heart.
And when this faithless Rowewell shall return,
I'll be prepar'd for him: Who waits without?

Enter Trueman.

Trus. What a devil this woman is! [Aside.

Bell. Call a coach this minute, and attend me.

Trus. Wherever you command. How love and
how revenge possess her soul! [Aside.

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

Brainworth alone.

I think it is the fate of men of my vocation to
apply what we extract from fools, to the use of
some insolent whore, who maintains her paramour
at our expence. I, who am so excellent a master
in all the subtle arts of circumvention, am not
proof against the insinuation of beauty. A kind
of witchcraft is in Bellamira's face, that makes me
her bubble whether I will or no.

*Enter Mulligrub, and the Goldsmith's Apprentice
with a Silver Punch-Bowl.*

Mull. Be sure you take particular care of it; de-
liver it to my wife's own hands. My head runs
plaguily on that rogue Brainworm, who is able to
cheat the devil: if ever I catch him, I'll play the
devil with him.

[Mulligrub and Apprentice go off separately.

Brain. The fox grows fat when he's cur'd: I'll
have you closer yet, friend Mulligrub, my mouth
waters after your punch-bowl. If I was to bite a
poor post, a penurious parson, who, for want of
learning, has but one good meal in a week, it
would be a sin; but to wring the withers of this
base jumbler of elements, is meritorious. I will
draw a lot for the punch-bowl, without the fear of
a halter before my eyes. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Heartfree, Charlotte and Louisa.

Heart. I know you love him, Charlotte; dissi-
mulation therefore is needless. I give you my con-
sent, and once more tell you, I can never approve
of any man for your husband whom you dislike
yourself.

Char. Sir, I know not how to requite your
goodness, but by an entire submission to your
will.

Heart. What says my little Volatile, ha? Well
thou shan't gnaw the sheets for want of better em-
ployment. I'll take care that you shall not lead
apes in hell.

Lou. Indeed, Sir, you ought to provide me a
husband as soon as you can; for when my cousin's
dispos'd of, I shan't care to lie alone.

SONG XXVII. *The Jamaica.*

When maids alone

Must make their moan,

To grief their friends betray 'em;

They spend the nights

In fear of spirits,

Without the power to lay 'em.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a lady desires to speak with you.

Heart. Wait upon her in. 'Tis well my age guards my heart against the power of beauty: I once could not hear of the approach of a lady without turning my heart half-way to meet her.

Enter Bellamira and Trueman disguised.

—Is your business with me, fair lady?

Bel. I cannot tell, Sir, till I know your name. Are you father to the fair Charlotte Heartfree?

Heart. I am, fair witness; and this is the maid you name.

Bel. My time's but short, and what I have to say must be with speed. Madam, you had a lover once, young Trueman.

Char. Had! good Heaven, I hope, and have.

Bel. No, Rovewell has safely kill'd him.

Char. O miserable Charlotte! [*She faints.*]

Heart. Look to my daughter.

Bel. Madam, look up, this concern he merits not; pity brought me here to undeceive you. His vows and soul were mine, entirely mine.

Lou. This must be malice, sure.

Bel. Madam, do you know this ring? he gave it me in triumph o'er your love.

Char. Sure all mankind is false.

SONG XXVIII. *Send back my long stray'd Eyes.*

How hard thy fate, unhappy maid!

By vows of love too soon betray'd.

Men court our charms and then they fly:

And they leave dispir'd

What once they priz'd,

And view unmov'd th' enchanting eye.

I cannot blame his passion for so much beauty as appears in you; but he should not have sported with my misfortunes; at least I deserv'd his pity. Help me, for I grow faint.

Heart. Lead her in, and be careful of her.

[*Exit Charlotte and Louisa.*]

Tru. Come, patience, to my aid; till I have seen how far this woman will extend her fury.

[*Aside.*]

Heart. Confess'd, madam, and to you? on what acquaintance, pray?

Bel. He lov'd me, and, seeing no possibility of gaining me while Trueman liv'd, murder'd his rival, and vaunted of his villainy to me. If you will go where I'll conduct you, you shall hear him confess it again to me.

Heart. Madam, I'll lose no time, but follow you; we'll take some officers with us; and if Rovewell is such a villain, he shall feel the utmost rigour of the law.

SCENE VI.

Enter Mrs. Mulligrub, and the App-entice with the Bowl. She speaks as the Boy goes out.

Wife. Well, Jarvis, remember me to your master and mistress, and tell them I acknowledge the receipt of the bowl.

Enter Brainworm, dress'd like a Goldsmith's Apprentice, with a Fowl of Salmon in a Dish.

Brain. A fair hour to your mistress.

Wife. A handsome compliment, I'll write it down. My sure it deserves a good return. A beautiful thought to you, Sir!

Brain. Your husband, and my master, Mr. Burnish, have sent you a jowl of salmon, and they intend to be with you soon, with my mistress and master Billy, to season the bowl, which your husband desires you to send back, so have the two first of your two noses engrav'd on it, which he forgot before, and they'll bring it with them.

Wife. Has he sent no token?

Brain. That he was in the suds this morning?

Wife. That's a sad, but a true token. Here take it, and tell them, I shall expect their company impatiently. [*Brainworm goes with the bowl.*] Flash! why Flash!

Flash. Coming, Madam, coming.

Wife. Come quickly, spread the table, lay napkins, and perfume the room a little; for this profane tobacco is very offensive. Well, this Mr. Burnish is one of the best gallants I ever had, for he is always sending me a nice bit, and is very respectful to my husband.

SONG XXIX. *Health to Betty.*

If you would gain the wife, Sir,

Whom you love as your life, Sir;

Do all you can

To please the man,

'Tis one way to the wife, Sir.

[*Enter Mulligrub.*]

Mul. Well, Robin Mulligrub, be not discourag'd; things will go well at last.

Wife. I'm glad you're come, husband. Where are they?

Mul. How now! how now! a treat going forward! Who treats Peg, who treats?

Wife. Pr'ythee, leave fooling. Are they come?

Mul. Come! Who come?

Wife. Lord, how strange you seem!

Mul. Strange! how strange? is the woman mad?

Wife. I say, strange! you don't know who sent me a jowl of Salmon, and say'd they'd come to supper; do you?

Mul. Ha! salmon! peace, not I; the messenger has mistook the house. Let us eat it before it is enquir'd for. Come, come, vinegar, quickly, Flash.—I shall have good luck.—I never tasted salmon that relish'd better.—Well, it is delightful to eat at another man's cost.

Wife. Aye, Mr. Burnish is a civil man.

Mul. Mr. Burnish!

Wife. Yes; did not he, or you, or both, send the salmon?

Mul. No, I say, no.

[*Eats fast.*]

Wife. By Mr. Burnish's man?

Mul. I say, no.

Wife. Did nobody send word, that he and his wife, and their son Billy, would come to sup here?

Mul. No, no, no.

[*Eats faster.*]

Wife. And season my punch-bowl.

Mul. Ha! bowl! [*Lays down his knife and fork.*]

Wife. And did not I send the bowl back, according to your order?

Mul. Ha! back!

[*Starts up.*]

Wife. Was not the token you sent, that you were in the suds in the morning?

Mul. And is the bowl gone? Is it delivered? departed? defunct? ha!

Wife. Deliver'd! yes, sure, it is deliver'd; and who can blame me?

Mul. I will never say my prayers again; and is the bowl gone?

SONG XXX. *Yean leap'd down.*

Mul. Thou plague of my life—

Wife. Thou husband!

Mul. Thou wife!

Wife. Was I, O was I unmarry'd,

I'd never been y'd.

Wife. The name of a bride,

I'd shun, since thus I've miscarry'd.

Mul. Look to my house, for it is haunted sure

with evil spirits. Hear me, thou plague, thou woman! thou wife! if I have not my bowl again, I will send thee to the devil! I'll go to the conjurer, and he shall raise his master. Death and hell!

Wife. Bless me, what frightful words are these! I hope he is but drunk.

SCENE VII.

Enter Brainworm.

Brain. Sure the devil is about extraordinary business. Rowewell is committed to Newgate for the murder of his friend Trueman; and Bellamira, who betrayed him, is sent with good Mother Pearce, to keep him company; so if I should happen to rattle my darbies soon, I shan't want company. Ha! here comes a fellow that seems to have money in his pocket.

Enter a Fiddler with a Cloak on. Brainworm knocks him down.

Fid. O! O! O!

Brain. [Searching his pockets.] The devil has sent me a fine prize, a poor fiddler; I took him for a gentleman; but since I'm disappointed, I'll have a cloak for my knavery. [Takes the cloak and goes out.]

Fid. The rogue has made a soft place in my head. Stop thief, stop thief! [Runs out.]

Enter Mulligrub, and meets Brainworm in the Cloak.

Mul. That must be my arch-rogue Brainworm. [Seizes him.] Have I caught you at last! I'll make an example of you, firrah. [Brainworm slips away, and leaves the cloak with Mulligrub.] The dog has given me the slip; but I have a good cloak, which will go a little way to repair my losses.

Enter Fiddler, Constable and Watchmen.

Fid. Stop thief, stop thief! Here's the rogue, Mr. Constable, with my cloak on his back.

Const. Seize him.

Mul. What's the matter, gentlemen? for God's sake.

Const. You may as well hold your tongue, the cloak on your back convicts you.

Mul. Why, sure the fellow's a fool.

Fid. No, no, he's no fool, he's a constable; and that's my cloak, which you stole from me, and I'll swear it.

Const. Come, come, bring him along.

Mul. This damn'd rogue, Brainworm, is certainly my evil genius: I may happen to be hang'd for his roguery; and that would be hard.

Const. Come, Sir, no words; you dare not resist.

SONG XXX. March in Scipio.

Mul. I am prepar'd,
To the round-house I'll go;
I ne'er will be dar'd
By any saucy foe.
If to Newgate I'm sent
I'll behave like a man;
To be hang'd I'm content,
If my race is quite ran.

Follow, follow, brave boys,
He that loses his life
Is remov'd from the noise
Of a termagant wife.

Chorus of Fiddler, Watch and Constable.
Follow, follow, brave boys,
He that loses his life
Is remov'd from the noise
Of a termagant wife.

ACT III.

Enter Charlotte and Louisa.

Char. WHY, dear Louisa, should it be a crime to die, when life becomes a torment to us?

Lou. Pr'ythee leave these melancholy thoughts; 'Slife, pine for one man! why, girl, consider thou art young, and hast beauty enough to attract half the fops in town!

Char. Oh, thou art happy! would I could be so unconcern'd, or had even a brutal temper that could resist these violent emotions of grief and joy.

Lou. Call you that brutal? Now methinks it is great, to have a soul that can withstand the shocks of fortune, and is not liable to be made ridiculous by mirth or sorrow; but I must confess I'm griev'd for Rowewell; for you know I love him; yet not so much as to whine and die for him. I feel his misfortune as a friend, not as a lover.

Char. Oh, Louisa! thou talk'st like one whose heart ne'er felt the symptoms of a generous passion; in real love there cannot be so much indifference. Yet when I consider Trueman was false, methinks I should not die.

Lou. My dear, I do not believe he was false, by what my uncle has told me; for this woman was a mistress, whom he had long since cast off, and what has happen'd was by her contrivance to be reveng'd on him, or put you in despair. Nay, I believe Trueman is not dead; nor can I think Rowewell could be so base upon any account to kill him, much less on this, which would be a blot on both his understanding and his honour: therefore be pacify'd; you have not slept to-night; lie on this couch, and I'll sing to you.

SONG XXXI. Plea Benigna.

Sleep, Oh, Sleep! thou kind composer
Of the lover's tortur'd breast,
With thy gentle touch dispose her
To the sweets of balmy rest.
Let no hideous dreams affright her,
Let no direful forms annoy,
Send soft visions to delight her,
Give, at least, ideal joy.

Char. I cannot sleep, alas! I'm restless grown, there is no music but in sighs. [Faints.]

Lou. Help, help, the faints!

Enter Trueman.

True. By your leave, sweet creatures.

Lou. Uncivil Sir, who are you?

True. One that brings comfort: ha! my love dying! stand by, I have a cordial in my voice.

Lou. Trueman alive! What miracle is this?

Char. Ha! Trueman! or does my sense deceive me? sure I'm in Heaven, and he an angel there.

True. I scarce could wish it yet. No, we have an age to come in love, ere we arrive at that.

Char. Oh! I shall die with joy! forgive my transport, it is the effect of a sincere and honest passion, which I can conceal no longer.

True. Call back thy blood into thy pale cheeks, thou miracle of thy sex! by all that's good, I never was unjust; that woman, that beautiful sinner, whom you saw, seduced my growing virtue; but you must forgive the errors of my youth.

Char. I do, and think of them no more.

True. How I adore thy goodness! Hereafter I'll tell thee all my life; but now my time is short, and I must yet remain in this disguise, to accomplish my honest design on Rowewell; for he shall suffer to the last degree for leaving thee, Louisa, for another.

Low. And has he been so wicked?

True. Yes, but is now reclaimed: I'll return the penitent to your arms again.

Low. Why, in good faith, cousin, that must be: I do love the fugitive, that's certain; and, if my uncle pleases, will run the hazard of taking him for better for worse.

Enter Heartfree.

Heart. Oh! my girls, I'm sorry to be the messenger of such ill news; poor Rowewell is condemn'd.

Low. I thought you said he would produce Trueman at the goldsmith's.

Heart. I did so; but the goldsmith denied his seeing him; for his own former confession hangs him: Rowewell, Bellamira, and that mother of all mischief, the bawd, were found guilty of the murder. However, I'll use all the interest I have, to procure Rowewell a pardon.

Low. Then, pray, Sir, solicit this gentleman.

Heart. Ha! Trueman alive! may I believe my eyes?

True. You may.

Heart. O kiss me, kiss me. But how, which way? when? what? where?—I am so transported; sure I am in a dream all this while: well I'll go back, to Newgate again and wake myself. But this surprise had like to have made me forget to tell you our neighbour Mulligrub the vintner is condemn'd too, for a robbery.

True. How! Mulligrub for robbery? Was it prov'd upon him?

Heart. By a poor dirty fellow; but he swore point-blank against him. It is certain a cloak was stolen; that cloak was taken upon Mulligrub's back; the justice of peace was drunk that committed him; the judges severe and in haste; the jury unbr'd and hungry; and so the knave was cast; but, to hear his wishes! his curses! his prayers! and his ill-tim'd zeal! by my troth, they would have made a comedy. But come, let us all to Newgate with expedition, and release the poor gentleman from his dreadful contemplations of death and the gallows.

All. With all our hearts.

SCENE II. The Outside of Newgate.

Prisoners begging.

Jack. Pray remember the poor prisoners! Close, close, a double-dabber in the condemn'd-hold, and change for a tiffey: pray remember the poor prisoners.

Shameless. D—n you for a son of a whore, how speakingly do you beg!—Remember the poor, you snivelling bitch. Is that a voice to dive to the bottom of a usurer's pocket, and fetch out his money in spite of his harden'd heart? Stand by, yod dog, and let me come to the grate.

Jack. Ah, dear Mr. Shameless! Methinks we should have but little stomach to beg, who are to be hang'd within these three hours.

Shame. Why then, you whining cur, we have more need to beg, that we may drink at parting. Stand by, and observe me, with what an audible voice I'll move compassion.—Christians, pity the poor prisoners in this lonesome dungeon, and it will be render'd to you ten-fold; drop your bounties into this little box, the only support, relief and comfort of twenty poor wretched souls. Noble Sir, remember the poor prisoners.

Enter Heartfree, gives Money, and goes in.
Heaven reward your Christian charity, and render it to you seventy-fold.

Enter Truman, Charlotte, and Louisa; they put Money into the Box, and go in.

—Ha! ladies alighted! most beautiful ladies, dispense your noble charity among twenty miserable wretches oppress'd with hunger and cold; merciful and fair, pity the miseries of unfortunate young men, whose few short hours of life shall be all employ'd in prayers for our noble benefactors—Oh, remember the poor. Ha! 'tis gold, by this light! So now a short life and a merry one; we'll have it all in drink, boys, and when the hour comes, die like heroes, sing the psalm merrily, and then—be hang'd till we're sober. *[Exeunt from the grate.]*

SCENE III. A Chamber in Newgate.

Enter Rowewell and Heartfree.

Row. No, Sir, I do not blush, nor are my cheeks grown pale, tho' I'm condemn'd to die this ignominious death.

Heart. No kind of death is so, but from the cause of it.

Row. Which I well know is none: but are there no hopes of a reprieve?

Heart. Not the least.

Row. Upon my honour, Sir, Trueman is safe; I have already satisfied you, how I came to say what I did of his death, to that false fair-one. Sure some lechery has seiz'd him, that he appears not; he could not else be thus unkind. I'm sure 'twould grieve you, Sir, to see me die, and after find me innocent.

Heart. By the mass, and so it would; but to put you out of all these hanging apprehensions, know Trueman is alive, and if you won't take my word, here he comes to tell you so himself.

Enter Trueman, Charlotte, and Louisa.

Row. Ha! my dear Trueman, have you been kind to me?

True. I was resolv'd to make you suffer for your follies, and now I have, I hope you will forgive what's past.

Row. Ha! Louisa too! which way must I look?

Low. Nay, do not hide your face, or turn away. I'm very glad to know where a maid may find you, when she has need of you: and tho' you may think these chains easier than those of matrimony, yet like a malicious woman I am for proposing a change. What say you? Dare you venture, or had you rather say, Drive away carman, and sing the penitential psalm at the gallows?

Row. Can you accept this criminal in chains?

Low. The sooner for that reason, with my uncle's leave, for I shall have a hank upon you, when you're insolent, and can upbraid you with the place from whence I had you.

True. He cannot but comment your prison for him.

Row. I'm ashamed to be so much obliged.

Char. Nay, leave the shame to her, since she is resolv'd to be so extravagant. 'Twas but yesterday she thought you deserv'd to be hang'd for your infidelity, and o'my conscience, to-day she could marry you under the gallows! but 'tis the frailty of the sex to be so easy, and that makes you fellows think so lightly of us.

SONG XXXIII. The Men's.

Women in joy or woe

Are to extremes inclining,

This day our sorrows flow,

In weeping, sobbing, whining,

To-morrow finds us gay,

Endeavouring to be pleasing,

But take it either way,

In joy or woe we're teasing.

Mrs. You're too severe upon your own sex, Madam. There is nothing this lady can do but must be pleasing.

Low. Not even when I offer matrimony to you. Then here's my hand upon it.

Rose. Thou art all heavenly, and I am thine for ever. Farewell all youthful follies; I have been wild and roving in my time; long tost on the dangerous ocean of loose desires, but am now resolv'd to rest contented with a virtuous love.

SONG XXXIV. *Bartholomew-Fair.*

The sailor thus, of every wanton wind the sport,
When billows are roaring,
His fortune deploring,
Looks out for port;
And when his kind stars have safely brought him
to the shore,
He then resolves to trust the seas no more.

Louisa sings.] SONG XXXV. *Same Tune.*

But being out of danger once, his fears subside;
Of land he grows weary,
Nor longer will tarry,
Whate'er betide,

But holl'ing fail, he makes away before the wind,
Nor ever thinks on aught he leaves behind.

So, Mr. Rowewell, I fear 'twill be with you; you have been so much us'd to roam from place to place, that you can never confine yourself to one station—but, however, I'm resolv'd to take my chance.

Rose. You are so generous, 'twill be impossible for me ever to think of disobliging you. And, now, Sir, I must sue to you for pardon. [*To Heartfree.*

Heart. No, Sir, I must have my revenge on you; and since you have escap'd the hangman, you shall be noos'd by the priest.

Low. Hanging and marrying, you see, go by destiny.

Heart. I'll have the sentence put in execution immediately; the ordinary shall do the business; he can bring a man to repentance as soon as any one of his function. Come, we'll go down, and see what sort of figure my neighbour Mulligrub makes under his misfortunes, and release the two wicked women; and in the mean time, I'll send to Doctors-Commons for a conjugal warrant, and commit you both to the custody of Hymen. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Lodge of Newgate.*

Keeper calls.

Bring out the prisoners that are order'd for execution.

Enter Bellamira, Mother Pearce, Shameless, Harry, Jack, Tom, Mulligrub, and others; Mrs. Mulligrub, and a Friend of one of the Prisoners.

Shame. So, Mother Occupy, you are preparing for your journey, you are equip'd with a nosegay, and a prayer-book? What do you weep for; the sins of your youth, or the fear of a halter? Now if you had kept within the bounds of your own trade, fornication and adultery, and not proceeded to murder, you had not been fatigu'd, in your old age, with a journey from Newgate to Tyburn.

M. Pearce. Well, well, if I am to be hang'd I can't help it, but my comfort is, I shall die a good protestant, and a high-church woman.

Mull. O Lord! little did I think of coming to this untimely death.

Shame. Come, prithee leave whining, a pox on thee for a chicken-hearted son of a whore, you are enough to make us all cowards. I think it's a great mercy you are to be hang'd in so good company.

Mull. O dear! how can you talk so, and are just going to leave the world?

Harry. Will no kind christian give me a draught of drink, I'm almost choak'd.

Shame. Have but a little patience, and you'll be quite choak'd. Why, what hast thou lost thy courage too, Tom; what dost cry for?

Tom. I don't cry so much because I'm going to be hang'd, but to think I have no money to buy me a coffin.

Shame. Never trouble thyself about that; my fond, foolish father has sent me a coffin; but, faith, I have bit the old prig, and sold my body to the surgeons; so I'll equip thee with my carrion-box.

Tom. Thank you kindly, I wish I could do the same for you.

Enter a Boy with Drink.

Shame. Come, come, here's some liquor; booze about, we have not long to live, let's make the most of our time.

SONG XXXVI.

Since life is at best but a cheat,
An empty chimerical bubble,
The prig who would truly be great
Will soonest get rid of it's trouble.
Then to thee, my buff, let us quaff,
Who next to the nubbing-post trudge,
At pimps that survive him may laugh,
And shew his bare meg to the judges.

Tol, lol, dee.

Tom sings.

Then bid we farewell to the wit,
To-day puts an end to our sorrow,
The cull well deserves to be bit,
Who builds his fond hopes on to-morrow.
What have we now longer to fear,
We're got to the length of our tether;
We'll knock off our darbies and care,
And merrily morris together.
Tol, lol, dol, dee.

Friend. Well, Tommy, I am sorry I can't stay to see the last of you; but I wish you a good journey.

Shame. Thank you, thank you, Bob, I wish you the same with all my heart: but do you hear, remember my kind love to my brother Sam, and be sure tell him I die like a cock, damn'd hard—
Tol, lol, de dol.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Here's good news for the two women; the gentleman who was thought to have been murder'd is found at last, and perfectly well.

M. Pearce. Ha! then I'm a woman again. Heaven be thanked. Bellamira, I hope nobody has taken our house; it stood rarely well for bachelors.

Mul. What, is there no hope of a reprieve for me?

Keep. None at all; but here's a good man come to prepare you for 'tother world.

Mull. A-lack-a-day! then I'm in a bad way indeed.

Enter Brainworm disguised like a Presbyterian Parson, Heartfree, Trueman, Rowewell, Charlotte, and Louisa.

Brain. Friend, I have been acquainted with thy misfortunes, from thy pious pastor Master Zachariah Thumpit, who, lying on a sick bed himself, hath sent me to give thee some spiritual advice, and he, as it were, a way to escape this great leap thou art going to take, as it were, into the unknown hereafter.

Shame. Well, well, I'll do as he says, and be a good man.

thou could'st endure me for ever; you must now quit all hopes of me; but as I think thou art in thyself a nobler man than most of thy profession, howe'er thy love to me has changed then in such wicked designs, which Providence has prevented, if you think you can forgive your former course of living, I will provide for you in a decent manner.

Bell. Such generosity must conquer every breast that has any spark left in it of gratitude, or shame. I am too sensible of my past ill conduct, and the wickedness my love urg'd me to; but hope my future penitence will make me deserve your pardon and your pity.

Mrs. Mull. Indeed, my dear, this is a very comfortable man.

Mull. He is so; but, pray, Mr. Zeal, leave my soul a little to itself, and let me have some of your counsel concerning my body: I owe Mr. Burnish the goldsmith forty pounds, and suppose he should be so unneighbourly now to set a serjeant on my back, as I am going to execution.

Brain. Ah! trouble not thyself with transitory things, but have an eye to the main chance.

[Picks his pocket.]

True. Observe, Rowewell, that rogue of a parson is picking Mulligrub's pocket.

Rowe. Have patience, we'll detect him presently.

Brain. Your shoulders are in no danger—but for your neck—Plinius Secundus, or Marcus Tullius Cicero, or somebody sayeth, that a threefold cord is not easily broken.

Mull. A very learned man!—Well, I am not the first honest man that has been hang'd, and I hope in heaven I shall not be the last.

Mrs. Mull. Ah, husband! I little thought to have seen this day; had you been hang'd deservedly, it wou'd never have vex'd me, for many an innocent man has been hang'd deservedly: but to be cast away for nothing! oh, oh, oh!

Brain. Moderate thy grief, good woman; thou wilt shortly be a widow, and I will come and comfort thee.

Mrs. Mull. You shall be welcome by night or by day. But pray, husband, are we to find the halter, or they?

Mull. Thou simple woman, how can'st thou ask such a question? they, they to be sure.

Mrs. Mull. I could not tell, and so brought one with me for fear of the worst. Thou hast been a dear husband to me, Robin, and I was not willing you shou'd want any thing I could help you to.

Mull. Thank you kindly, dear Peg.

Mrs. Mull. I bespoke it of our neighbour Thong, the collar-maker, and gave him strict charge to make it strong enough; and he assured me, he could not make a better, if it was for his own wife.

Mull. I'm beholden to all my friends, who are so ready to serve me at this time.

Mrs. Mull. Oh, my poor dear husband! I can't bear the loss of you; would I was to be hang'd in your stead.

Mull. Ah, my dear, I wish you was with all my heart; that would be a mercy indeed. Well, I here make confession of all my sins.—If I owe any man any thing, I heartily forgive him; and if any man owes me any thing, I desire he may pay my wife.

Brain. Very good.

Mrs. Mull. Here, Peg, are the writings of this rogue Brainworm's estate, who has brought me to this untimely end; dear writings, and take care of them.

Brain. Ha! my writings! now for a lucky tag to retrieve those, and I'm a man again.

[Aside.]

Mull. And now, my dear, take leave of thy honest husband.

Mrs. Mull. No, and please the Lord, I'll not leave you now; I'll see you hang'd, first.

SONG XXXVII. *Let the Soldier rejoice.*

With my love can I part?

Oh! 'twill break my fond heart,
To behold thy sweet neck in a halter.

Mull. If the fates wou'd so please,

Now to give my spouse ease,

I my neck for thy neck most gladly wou'd alter.

Brain. But brother, you must have been a broacher of profane vessels, you have made us drunk with the juice of the whore of Babylon; for whereas good ale, cyder, and perry, were the true ancient British and Trojan liquors, you have brought in popery, French and Spanish wines, to the subverting, staggering, and overthrowing of many a good protestant subject. [Picks Mrs. Mulligrub's pocket.]

True. Ha! Mr. Hypocrite, have we caught you? Mulligrub, he has pick'd thine and thy wife's pocket.

Rowe. By this light it is Brainworm!

Brain. Dear Sir, endeavour to save my life, and I'll tell all.

Mull. Oh! rogue, rogue, wou'd you have been so wicked to have taken away my life?

Brain. Why really, Sir, to tell the plain truth, I believe I shou'd have let you been hang'd before I had told of myself: but consider, it is you who have brought me to the condition of hanging or starving.

Enter Keeper.

Keeper. Mr. Mulligrub, here is a pardon come down for you.

Mull. Heaven be thanked. Now, rogue, I think I have you upon the hip.

True. Come, Mulligrub, this good news should stop all repentment. It wou'd be pity to hang the poor fellow. Consider, he was born a gentleman, and his dishonesty was partly owing to your knavery; whilst you unjustly kept his estate from him, the fellow must eat some how or other.

Mull. Well, I won't prosecute the rogue now, though he will certainly be hang'd at last.

Brain. I thank you, Sir, but I'll make you a false prophet, if possible. Desperate diseases must have desperate cures; I'll e'en marry, and see if that will save me from the gallows.

Mull. Say you so; why then to turn you honest, and make you amends for the injustice I have done you, I'll give you my daughter for a wife, and a thousand pounds to maintain her. It is best to compound with the knave, or he'll rob me of as much as her fortune comes to, and I shall have the girl to keep still.

Brain. What, lovely Nancy! a delicious girl, and kisses lasciviously; I accept your proposal, Sir.

Mull. Then here's the mortgage of thy estate to bind the bargain. I'll leave off trade, and set thee up in my house: thy reputation is good enough for a vintner; if not, I'll get thee those's common-council-man; and when you have once got into the herd, your former roguery will soon be forgot.

Enter Keeper.

Keeper. Sir, the licence is come, and the Ordinary waits for you.

Brain. Come, young fellows, take your girls by their hands, and lead them to execution.



